

wife, Louise? And you will wait for me until I return, your father will give his consent our marriage when he realizes how dearly you

Charlie Miller's voice was full of earnestness. He was standing in a secluded corner of

the veranda of the Hotel Eastman, at the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas, with the girl he loved at his side. She lifted her dark eyes to his handsome face, and in their true depths he read the sweet secret of her love. He drew her closer to his heart, and his dark head was bent, while his soulful eyes gazed into hers.

"I do not know," she murmured. "I will tell you the truth, Charlie. I fear opposition. Papa has set his heart on my marrying Mr. Day-Mr. Davenport Day, and I-I-hate him!"

"But surely, darling," the young man interrupted, hopefully, "your father will consent when he sees that your happiness is at stake?"

"You do not know my father," she sighed. "He is very stern and set in his ways. And you do not know Davenport Day, By the way-you have never met him, Charlie!" "No! and I do not eare to. Louise,

that man shall never take you from me-I swear it!"

Then, after a brief pause, during which the lovers were perfectly happy, he went on:

Solour pleasant sojourn at the Hot Springs is nearly over. I am ordered South for my health, and you-will remain here until-" "Until papa decides to move on."

she interrupted, smilingly. "You know, he and I are birds of passage. this spring. Why, we may even reach New Orleans, yet-your objective point!" "I wish you would!" exclaimed the

young man enthusiastically. "Fancy the happiness of meeting you there, Louise! And so our happy time here is over."

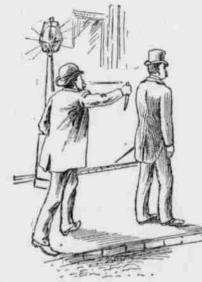
"Oh, yes, and, by the way, Charlie, I have taken Davenport Day's photograph!"

"You see, dear," Louise went on, persuasively, "he left the day you arrived here; and I took a snap-shot at him while he stood at the depot, waiting for his train. He will be back soon, and oh, how I dread it! Papa thinks there is no one like him, and he is rich and influential, and he seems so certain that I will be his wife. I fairly hate him!"

"Where is his picture?" demanded

Miller, a little savagely.

"Ah, dear! I have never taken the trouble to develop it," she cried. "I'll tell you, Charlie, since you are going away to-morrow, I will develop the photograph, and forward it to you, so that you may see the face of your



ATTACKED FROM BEHIND. rival-ahem!" throwing her arms

about his neck with a pretty little gesture, which plainly told the young banker that he had nothing to fear from Davenport Day. Then followed a tender farewell,

for Charlie was to leave on the early morning train, and Louise would not be able to see him again.

The lovers had hardly left the secluded corner of the veranda, when, from the shadow just below, a tall, dark figure crept forth. A man with a red face, dark eyes and hair and mustache; the general aspect of a stage villain-Davenport Day. His face was darkened with anger, and he shook his fist in the direction

which the young people had taken. "So!" he muttered, harshly, "that is my rival! The young man from Chicago had better beware, for Davenport Day is not an easy one to baffle. must marry that girl! Her father is worth a couple of millions and I need them. Ah! my fine Chicago boy, you had better look out, for your little game is not won yet-not much! He must be put out of the way. It will not be impossible. He has never seen me, and he must not see my photograph. Confound that kodak! It has caused me trouble enough; but I'll

It was on a fair April morning, when a cab rolled up to the St. Charles hotel, in the quaint old city of New Orleans, and a young man alighted. Entering the hotel he registered his name: Charles F. Miller, Chicago, Ill. Almost the first person and so we will leave them.

conquer yet!"

he encountered was an old friend, I ruce Hayes, who was traveling with

- dramatic company. "Hallos," old boy!" cried Bruce, who was a genial fellow. "I'm giad to see you. I want to introduce to you an acquaintance of mine, who has just arrived and is doing the Crescent City. You and he ought to know each other!"

"Very well!" returned Charlie Miller. So, a little later, the introduction was accomplished, and Miller found himself in company with a tall, dark man, who answered to the name of Burton Dalton. He was extremely clever and agreeable, and Charlie found as the days went by, that time passed in his society very pleasantly. But Charlie was vaguely uneasy. He was conscious of certain strange and curious circumstances. He was followed everywhere, when alone, by a man whose face he could never see, try as hard as he might. Once late at night, while passing down Royal street, he was suddenly attacked from behind by an nuseen foe, who flourished a sharp knife in close proximity to the young man's heart. A vigorous outery from Charlie brought the police to the resene, but the wouldbe assassin was gone. The police

conflicting emotions. Another thing troubled him beyond words. In all the time he had been in New Orleans, he had not received one letter from Louise, not a line, nor the expected kodak picture-nothing.

warned Charlie to be on his guard,

especially in certain streets; and then

he called a cab, and was driven back

to the St. Charles, his mind full of

Late one night Charlie Miller was awakened to find some one in his room. A fall figure with a masked face was bending over his open trunk, hastily turning over its contents. With a stifled cry Charlie sprang up in bed; but the thief dashed wildly past him, and was out of the room in an instant. No traces were found of the thief, and upon investigation, Charlie discovered to his surprise, that none of his valuables were missing; nothing but a package of kodak pictures, which were yet to be developed.

Saturday night, the twenty-eighth of April, came, and Charlie invited his friend Dalton to accompany him to the St. Charles theater. The play was unsatisfactory, and between the second and third acts Dalton excused himself for a few moments, and left the theater. He went straight to the St. Charles hotel, and going to the office, inquired for mail for Charles F. Miller, and received a letter and a small package. At sight of the package, his face grew dark.

"That accursed kodak picture has come at last!" he muttered. "And now Miller will recognize me; for I have never disguised myself, trusting to do my work and get away before it was too late. In valu have I tried to put him out of the way. He is ever on the alert, and though he does not suspect me, he is on the lookout for his hidden foe. To-night is to see the end. I have arranged all. We are to drink in Miller's room after the theater; his drink will be 'doctored,' and he will not live an hour. No one will suspect me, as I have an excellent disguise in readiness, and will ship on board a certain little craft, which will be far away from here before morning."

These murderous thoughts were ble purpose to remove his rival forthe girl who would-did he but know it-never be coerced into marriage. when hasty footsteps fell upon his ears, and turning swiftly, he saw before him-Charlie Miller.

Burton Dalton dropped the stolen mail upon a table, and stood glaring wildly at the unexpected apparition of Miller upon the scene. But Charlie's quick eyes had caught sight of his own name upon the package, and, with a swift bound, he possessed himself of it, and tore it hastily open. A small package of kodak pictures, which Louise had neatly developed, and the one on top was the picture of Davenport Day.

A cry of surprise fell upon the silence, and, turning, Charlie Miller beheld Louise Stewart in company with her father. With outstretched hands, she rushed to his side.

"Oh! Charlie! Charlie!" she cried. "I have never had a letter from you since you left me at Hot Springs, and I was so sure that you were ill, I persnaded papa to come on here! I know now who intercepted our letters: I have found him out; it is that horrible Davenport Day-and, why! Charlie-there he is now!" And her indignant eyes rested upon Burton Dalton's wrathful face, who saw that his game

was up. All at once the cry of "fire" arose hotel was wrapped in flames from dome to basement. It had broken out so suddenly, and must have been burning so long, that there was no

In the midst of it all, the horrible conflagration, the shricks and groans, and mad excitement. Davenport Day beheld his rival holding Louise close to his heart, making mad haste through the horrors of the scene out to safety. With a wild execration, the villain turned swiftly, and plunged into the flames. It is not children sent overboard. Then came known whether he meant to sacrifice his own life, or whether, bewildered by the discovery of his attempted crimes, and maddened by the awful seenes around, be lost control over his own actions, but it is certain that he perished in the burning building,

and was seen no more. Over his bad past Louise and her lover, now happily united-for her father no longer opposed the marriage-have agreed to drop the veil of forgeffulness. They are happy,

HOW FLAMES ARE HANDLED ON GREAT STEAMERS.

Get Away From the Ship and Look Out for the Passenger's Comfort, Is the Advice of One Captain-Burning of the Steamer Atlantic.

"What would you do if the Teutonic took fire in mid-ocean, with a the fire so bad that there was no way of putting it out?"

That question was put to Captain John J. Cameron, the commander of the White Star line's crack boat, by a New York Journal man.

"I should get away from the ship just as quickly as possible, put the rafts together, get all the provisions into the boats and rafts that time and room would allow, see that the passengers were made as comfortable in the boats as circumstances would permit, get the sallors overboard and then go over the side myself.

There are few old captains who have not experienced a fire at sea. They tell of it with bated breath as the most terrible experience of their lives. It is no rare thing for ships to come into port with a fire raging in their hold or their coalbunkers Captain Cameron knows all about it, as he has "been there more than once." He never lost a vessel or a life, though-always succeeding in smothering the fire and reaching land.

As an illustration of the working of his idea, Captain Cameron tells the story of the burning of the Atlantic. Her captain was Robert Mac-Dougal, as fine an old sailor as ever trod a deck. They left Boston for Liverpool with a hundred saloon passengers and forty or fifty in the steerage. She was a slow boat and took from twelve to fourteen days to cross the ocean. But she was one of the stanch, old-fashioned kind, without any frills on her, but a splendid, seaworthy ship.

When five days out fire was discovered in the hold. How it started no one ever knew. Captain Mac-Dougal examined it himself and found it was pretty bad, but he thought he could smother it and reach Liverpool all right. The hatches were nailed down tight to keep all air out and water was pumped into the spot where the fire

None of the passengers knew anything about it at first. The day following the discovery it was found that the fire was gaining. The smoke that trickled through every erevice made it impossible to conceal the situation from the passengers any longer.

Captain MacDougal summoned all the men and told them the ship was on fire. He assured them that there was very little danger, and said he thought they could reach port before the fire gained enough headway to be dangerous.

The engines were driven at the utmost possible speed, and the hold was deluged with a stream of water that would have put out any ordinary fire. That night, however, the gallant captain realized that the flames were gaining the victory.

At midnight the chief engineer reported that the heat was becoming rushing through his mind-the horri- so intense in the engine room that Old embroideries of wonderful colors, it was almost impossible to remain delicate China silks of many hues, ever from his path, that he might win there. At the same time the first reported that, so far as he could see, the fire had become unmanageable.

The captain ordered all hands on deck as quickly as possible, in order not to alarm the sleeping passen-gers. Provisions and kegs of water were carefully stowed away in all the life-boats. [Compasses, chronometers and sextants were packed into them. Blankets, oilskins and other necessaries were added, and the davits were swung ready for launching the boats at a moment's

The crew behaved admirably, having perfect confidence in their captain. There was no looting of the steward's room, no raid upon the rum, as occasionally happens.

Captain McDougal determined to hang on as long as possible, in the hope of sighting another ship. He knew he was right in the beaten track of ocean vessels, and wished to avoid taking to the boats if possible.

At noon the fire had gained such headway that it became evident that it must break out before the following morning.

Captain McDongal, realizing that the ship must be abandoned, determined to do it before sunset. He called all the passengers together and told them of his determination. upon the night. The St. Charles directing them to make haste and put on their heaviest clothing and to stow away as much of their valu-

ables as they could carry. It was just before sunset that the order was given to man the boats. The fire, hitherto confined to the hold, had taken possession of other parts of the vessel's inside, and the amount of water that had been pumped in made her lie very low and

roll terribly. Fortunately the sea was calm. The boats were launched and women and the sailors, then the officers, and when all on board were safely stowed away the galiant old captain swung over the side and took command of

the little fleet. Sails were hoisted and the flotilla headed eastward. They had not left the ship fifteen minutes when the flames burst through the deck with a roar. In a few minutes the brave captain saw the thing he loved most

on earth simply a mass of fire.
Two hours after the vessel sank the smoke of a steamer was seen to | ing."-Printer's Ink.

ON FIRE IN MID-OCEAN, the northward. Rockets were sent up and she bore down on them. Two hours later all hands were safe on board a big freight boat on her way to Southampton.

> FOUR CABS IN ANNAPOLIS. Their Use as Street pars Sometimes Causes Awkwa . Jurprise.

"I have just returned from a maiden visit to Annapolis," said a traveler to a writer for the Washington Star, "and I had an experience down thousand passengers on board, and there that took a fall out of my conceit and bruised it until it got a complexion like an egg plant. You know they have cabs down in Annapolis. I think there are about four of them altogether, and the tariff charge is fifteen cents for a ride from one place in the city to the other. I hailed an empty one the other morning, coming out of the academy grounds, and instructed the driver to take me to the depot. While we were rattling away down the street I espied on the corner ahead of me one of the most lovely apparitions in the shape of a summer girl it has ever been my good fortune to gaze upon. As the vehicle approached her I assumed my most fascinating manner and prepared to look as alluringly as I could at the exquisite creature. You can imagine my surprise when, after giving me one glance, she raised her daintily gloved hand and stopped the cab. The door flew open and in she climbed. If I was surprised at this part of her performance I was even more thunder-struck at the fact that she didn't take the slightest notice of me in the world. I had not heretofore been in the habit of hiring cabs and having them stopped and entered by strangers, no matter how pretty and engaging they might be, and my ire was rising to the point of causing me to inquire what she wanted in the vehicle, when the driver looked back and sententiously inquired, Depot!" and the maiden nodded approval. When we reached the station' she drew fifteen cents from her shopping bag and handed them to the driver and daintily tripped out of the cab handed him a half a dollar and while he was counting out the change I inquired if it was customary for good looking young ladies to jump into his cab when an eligible young man had hired it. He told me that he saw that I was a stranger and not familiar with the custom, but that the cabs were regarded by the natives of Annapolis very much in the light of street cars and if one happened to be going in the direction that a person wished to also go, the latter hailed it and got in the same as he or she would in a public conveyance that ran on rails and went a regular route. But I thought I had made a conquest all the same and was pretty thoroughly knocked out when the girl gave me to understand that she wasn't even aware of my existence.

SWORDS OF DAMASCUS,

Which is Lost. To the lovers of strange goods the bazaars of Damascus are far more alluring than those of Cairo or Constartinople; the capacious chests of the merchants contain much that we would buy were our purses longer. swords of cunning workmanship, all these lie piled beside us on the !! It is but seldom that a really good specimen of the Damascus sword can be obtained, for the art of working

and engraving steel is dead. These swords were made of alternate layers of iron and steel, so finely tempered that the blade would bend to the hilt without breaking, with an edge so keen that no coat of mail could resist it, and a surface so highly polished that when a Moslem wished to rearrange his turban he used his sword for a looking glass.

Pilate's Description of the Crucifixion In the "Acts of Pilate," an early apoeryphal work quoted by both Tertullian and Justin Martyr, I find the following: "I have at length been forced to consent to the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, though very much against my will. For the world never saw, and perhaps never will see another of such piety and uprightness. While He hung upon the cross a horrid darkness which covered the earth seemed to threaten its final end. did all I could to save Him from the malice of the Jews but fear of a total insurrection forced me to sacrifice Him to the peace and interest of your empire." This is from the chapter entitled "Pilate's letter to Tiberias."

Following Directions.

It was raining pretty hard when the old man came into the parlor. In fact, the rain was rattling on the tin roof of the porch so loudly that there could be no doubt about the weather.

"Er-how is the weather out?" asked the young man who was calling on the daughter of the house. He asked in trepldation, because he knew he was none too welcome.

The old man looked at him for a he sold it by the case."

moment and said: "Clear." And the young man cleared.

The Peason.

myself in business; will you contrib- would be news to him.

Showense-What claim have you on the assistance of the merchants? Seedyman-I am the author of a

TEACHING THE CAT A LESSON.

And He Did It so That His Wife Is Not Likely to Forget It.

The man who always has a cure for every ill and a remedy for every evil showed one of his strokes of genius the other day. His wife's cat had acquired a fondness for one of the bathtubs in the house. Of course, this tub was in the room next to the dressing room of the master of the house. Of course, the master of the house doesn't like cats.

"Fannle," he said, "I found that eat snoozing in my bathtub again to-day."

"I'm sorry, dear," she said. "I have tried to break her of that habit but I don't seem to succeed." "Well, we must have that cat drowned," he said flercely.

His wife protested mildly.

"That is the only annoying trick she has," she said. "It would be a pity to kill her."

"Then," said the man of the house, "I'll take this thing into my own hands. Now, I'll just explain to you how I'll do it. You know how she gets into the tub. She takes a run, leaps to the edge and goes in without a stop. I'm going to run about three inches of water into the tub, let it stand there and let her get a sousing. You know how a cat likes water," he added significantly.

He put his plan into operation at once, says the New York Tribune. That afternoon pussie did her little hurdle race, as usual, over the side of the bath tub. The plan worked to perfection. There was a loud cry, a streak of cat through the dressing room and a wet flash into the sewing room. Near the door of this room stood a perch on which rested in peaceful sleepiness a dignified parrot. The cat tried this hurdle but missed it, and the parrot, knocked to the floor, added to the force of the cyclone which went raging around the house. A table was knocked over and a statue of the Venus of Milo, already short of arms, was made legless. The adored baby of the house was frightened into spasms, the parrot scolded and screamed herself into a fit and afterward the dripping cat, having made a lightning tour of the house, was found, trembling and subdued, on her mistress' jacket, price \$65.

"I hope," said the lord of the manor, when he had surveyed the seene of wreckage, "that this will teach your cat a lesson."

"I hope so," said his wife, soothing the baby and looking at the acket with mournful eyes.

"There is only one way to go bout such things," said the husand, with satisfaction, "I pride nyself on being able to handle aninals." And his wife discreetly said othing.

TOO MUCH WARDROBE. The Manager Didn't Approve of the

Juvenile's Luxuriousness. A manager who had not been pay ing salaries for a great while called Wonderful Weapons the Art of Making said: "Gentlemen, our next stand

is eighteen miles from here, and I have only enough money to pay railroad fares for the ladies and myself, but I met a farmer on a load of hay this morning who had just come over the road. He assures me on his honor as a gentleman and a farmer that the roads are good and the blackberries ripe along the entire toute, and here is ten centsget a plug of tobacco to jolly you up on the way and you won't mind the walk at all."

Well, for so many, many months the ghost had failed at due intervals to salute this little band, thet the leading man decided upon remaining in the village and trusting to luck, writes Marie Adair in the Chicago Inter Ocean. In consethe juvenile man was nence, obliged thereafter to double the leading part with his own.

After several weeks of this extra work he summoned sufficient courage to demand the price of his laun-

·How much money do you require?" asked the manager. "Fifty cents," said the actor. had five shirts and-

"Great Scott." interrupted the manager, "five shirts! Why, my boy, what folly! I never had but two shirts at a time in my life. How can you get out of hotels with five shirts to carry?"

"Besides," the young man con-

tinued, "I am obliged to have a postage stamp." "What!" exclaimed the manager,

a postage stamp? Do you for a moment think I will give you a postage stamp, and have you writing to some manager for another engagement and leave me in the lurch? No. sir; no, sir. Here's twenty-six cents for your laundry, but don't tell the other boys I gave you money or they'll all be after me."

The Cheerful Idiot Again. "Talk about lawyers," said the enthusiastic man, "there are mighty few of them can hold a candle to old Greathead Why, that man has "legal knowledge by the barrel."

"By the barrei?" exclaimed the cheerful idiot. "I always thought

Neglected News.

A Western editor, in answer to the complaint of a subscriber that he Seedyman—Sir, I am taking up a did not give news enough, advised collection among the merchants of this city to enable me to re-establish the bible, which, he had no doubt,

Cynic-Women are fools. Binnick-Well, if there is anything in book entitled, "How to Be Success- heredity an acquaintance with some ful in Business Without Advertis- of their sons would lead us to think so .- Town Topics.

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Metals were first employed in statuary in 748 B.C.

Butler wrote "Hudibras" after he was 69

Wall Paper.

Wall Paper.

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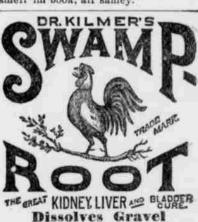
Godfrey means God's peace. The name was

Mrs. M. Schaenberger, Beaver Dam., Wis., writes: "We have used Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil in our family for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Rheuma tism. It cares every time."

As late as 1560 the French had no scenery and the players never left the stage during a

The first trial of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will satisfy any one that the lung-healing virtue of the pine tree has now been refined into an effective and convenient cough medi-cine. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

In connection with the Chinese cath a story is told of a representative of the middle kingdom who once ap-peared to give evidence in court. Ha was politely consulted as to the method he would prefer to be sworn, "Oh," said he, with a breadth of outlook not common in Sir John Bridge's court, "kill 'im cock, break 'im plate, smell 'im book, all samey."

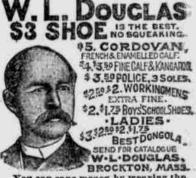


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